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DOCTOR WHO #5

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CUMBRIA, NORTH WESTERN
ENGLAND. AINSWORTH POINT.

A PLACE OF AMAZING NATURAL
BEAUTY. SO, WHY DOES NO ONE
VISIT IT? WHY IS IT EMPTY OF LIFE?

THERE ARE STORIES OF COURSE, TALES THAT THE
OCCUPANTS OF VILLAGES AND TOWNS SOME MILES
DISTANT TELL THEIR CHILDREN TO MAKE THEM STAY AWAY.

MAYBE IT'S THE RUMOURS OF GHOSTS THAT STALK THE
SEASHORE, SMUGGLERS LOOKING FOR LONG LOST 17TH
CENTURY TREASURE, OR MAIDENS WASHED OUT TO SEA
WHILST SEARCHING FOR THEIR YOUNG LOVERS AMIDST
THE ROCKS AND BREAKWATER.

VREEEEEEEEEEEE
VREEEEEEEEEEEE

LESS FANCIFUL PEOPLE OFFER MORE GROUNDED
REASONS, BUT THEY'RE UNIMAGINATIVE AND RATHER
DOUR TYPES WHO THINK TELEVISION MARKS THE END
OF CIVILISATION AND THE MOTOR CAR SHOULD BE THE
PROVINCE OF THE RICH ALONE.

WEIRD THING IS, THOSE OLD DUFFERS ARE HALF-RIGHT.
ALTHOUGH NOTHING TO DO WITH TV OR CARS,
CIVILISATION MAY BE COMING TO AN END SLIGHTLY
SOONER THAN THEY THINK.

THE REAL REASON NO ONE GOES NEAR
AINSWORTH POINT IS BECAUSE
SOMETHING REALLY, REALLY STRANGE
IS GOING ON THERE. AND IT'S ABOUT TO
GET EVEN STRANGER...

VREEEEEEEE



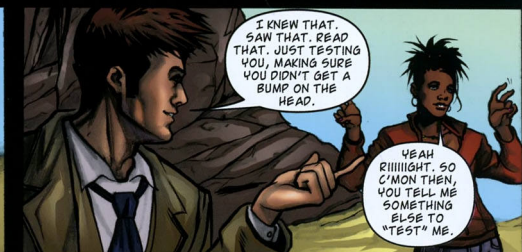


RIGHT, QUICK
RECCE THEN. POINT 1
— A BEACH. POINT 2 —
NOT TOO COLD, SO
SUMMERTIME. POINT 3 THE
UK OR AMERICA OR
AUSTRALIA AT
A GUESS.

OOH, OKAY,
I'LL BITE. HOW'D
YOU RECKON THAT,
THEN?



ELEMENTARY
MY DEAR
DOCTOR.



I KNEW THAT.
SAW THAT. READ
THAT. JUST TESTING
YOU, MAKING SURE
YOU DIDN'T GET A
BUMP ON THE
HEAD.

YEAH
RIIIIIIGHT. SO
C'MON THEN,
YOU TELL ME
SOMETHING
ELSE TO
"TEST" ME.



LISTEN...



I CAN'T HEAR...
ANYTHING. THAT'S
WEIRD. NOT EVEN THE
SEAGULLS ARE MAKING
A SOUND.



I WONDER
WHERE THARLOT
SENT US.

AND WHAT
THIS "LEASH" IS
WE HAVE TO FIND
SO WE CAN GET
BACK TO THE
TARDIS.

AND AVOID ANY
MORE UNHAPPY
LANDINGS!



NO!
MARTHA!

BLAMM

HALF A MILE FROM AINSWORTH POINT IS AINSWORTH HOUSE. REQUISITIONED BY THE MOD AT THE END OF THE WAR, AND STILL OCCUPIED BY THEM TWELVE YEARS LATER.

MINISTRY OF DEFENCE
ABSOLUTELY NO ADMITTANCE
TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED
KEY-OUT



MINISTRY OF DEFENCE
ABSOLUTELY NO ADMITTANCE
TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED
KEY-OUT



PLEASE...
HELP ME... SHE'S
BEEN SHOT!



BEEN...
A LONG
WALK...

NANCY! HELP
THE GIRL. MARY,
GET DOCTOR
GALAGHER,
NOW! AND A
STRETCHER.

YES,
DICKIE...



COMMODORE?
WE HAVE
GUESTS.

YES SIR, I
KNOW. BUT ONE'S
A GIRL, SHE'S
BEEN SHOT.

NO SIR,
NANCY'S DEALING
WITH HER RIGHT
NOW.

THANK YOU,
NANCY.

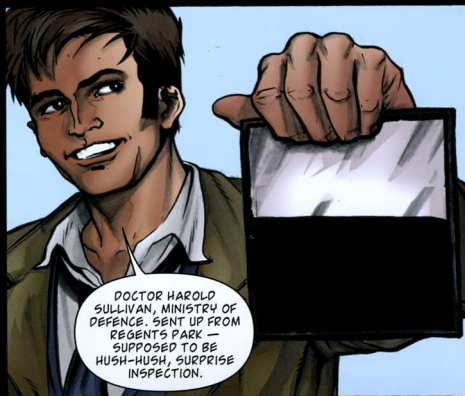
GOT A
PULSE, THANK
HEAVENS.



MAY I ASK,
SIR, WHERE THE
ACCIDENT TOOK
PLACE?

ON THE BEACH. WE
WERE JUST DOWN AT
THE SEASIDE...

ON THE BEACH?
AINSWORTH POINT? MAY I
ASK HOW YOU GOT THERE,
SIR? AND WHY YOU WERE
THERE AT ALL?



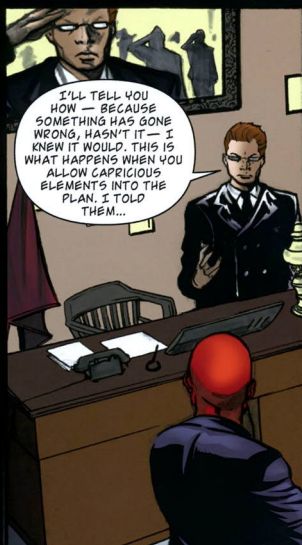
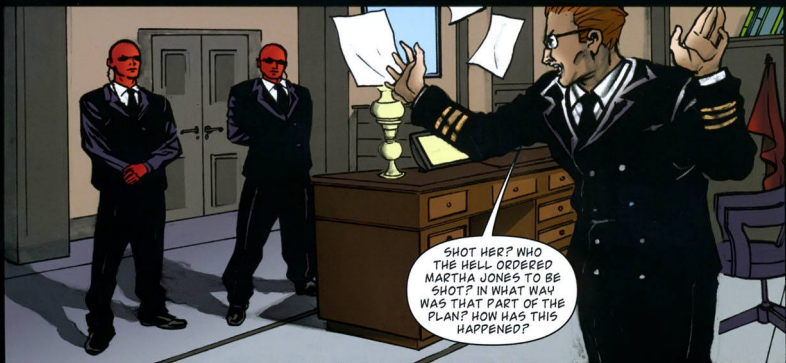
DOCTOR HAROLD
SULLIVAN, MINISTRY OF
DEFENCE. SENT UP FROM
REGEN'TS PARK —
SUPPOSED TO BE
HUSH-HUSH, SURPRISE
INSPECTION.

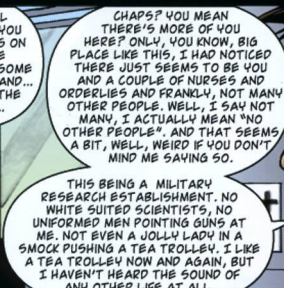
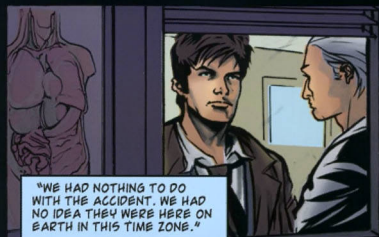


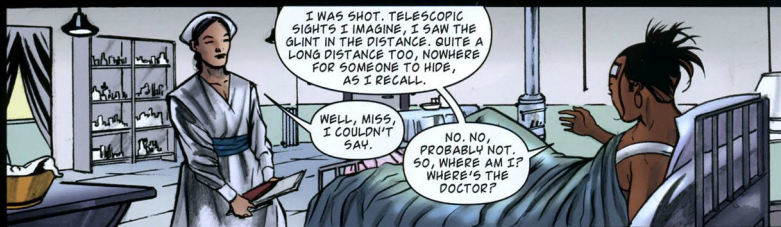
BE A PRETTY
USELESS SPOT
INSPECTION IF YOU
HAD WARNING,
WOULDN'T IT?

YOU BETTER
REPORT TO THE
COMMODORE, THEN,
DOCTOR. THIS IS
MOST... IRREGULAR.

AND NOT AS
IRREGULAR AS
SHOOTING MY
ADJUTANT, MISS
JONES.









AND 'DING'
— NIL POINTS TO
YOU, WHOEVER YOU
ARE.

I'M SORRY
MISS, NOT
SURE I —



WHERE'S THE
DOCTOR. AND I
DON'T MEAN YOUR
SUPPOSED
MEDICAL DOCTOR,
I MEAN MY
DOCTOR.

OH DEAR.
WHAT DID
I GET
WRONG?



IBUPROFEN?
CO-CODOMAL? IN 1957?
YOU SHOULD'VE AT LEAST
ASKED ME WHAT THEY WERE,
COS YOU CERTAINLY WOULDN'T BE
ADMINISTERING THEM WILLY-NILLY.
AND I'VE BEEN HANGING AROUND
WITH THE DOCTOR TO SPOT
LITTLE CLUES LIKE THAT
LONG ENOUGH NOW.



THAT AND
THE GLOWING
EYES, NURSE.
THEY'RE ALSO A
BIT OF A
GIVEAWAY, IT
HAS TO BE
SAID...

AH WELL.
BLESS YOU,
MARTHA
JONES...



WHAT ON
EARTH...



AND THANK
YOU FOR THE
SECOND
CHANCES...



ON
SAVANNAH...
YOU WERE
THERE... IN THE
RUBBLE...

MEANWHILE...

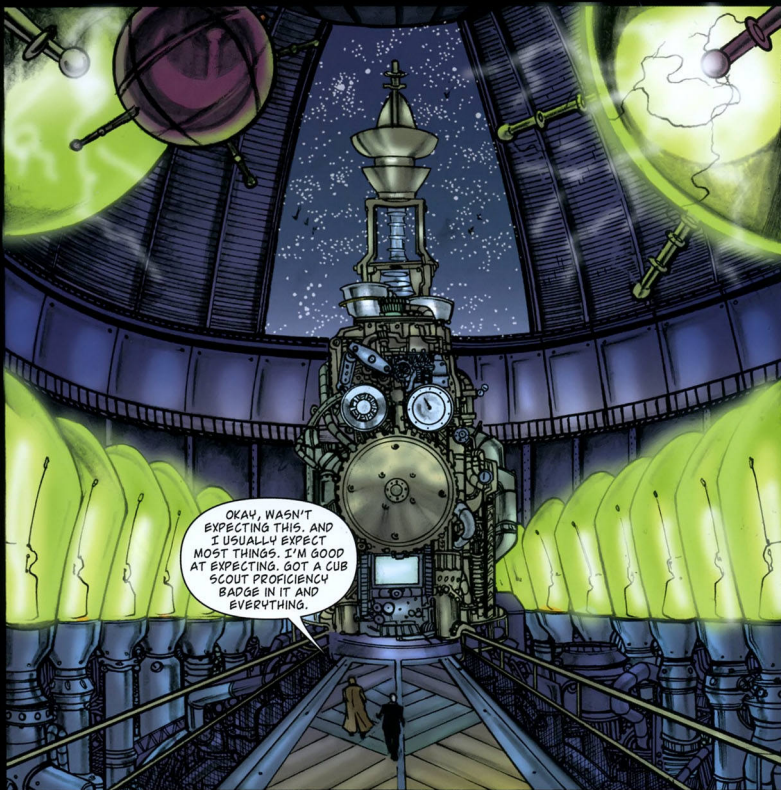
EXPERIMENTAL
ROOM
DO NOT ENTER

AWWW,
THAT'S JUST A BIG
INVITATION TO PEOPLE
LIKE ME, MISTER
RAWLINGS. CAN I
GO IN?

I'M HAVING
SECOND THOUGHTS
ABOUT THIS, DOCTOR
SULLIVAN... THE FIFTH
FLOOR IS OUT OF BOUNDS
TO ANCILLARY STAFF
LIKE ME AND —

OH DON'T
WORRY, MISTER
RAWLINGS, I'LL
SORT IT OUT WITH
YOUR COMMODORE.
NOW WHAT HAVE
WE...

OH
BLIMEY...





COURSE, I'VE GOT BADGES IN LOTS OF THINGS. STAMP COLLECTING, CYCLING, TAXIDERMY (NEVER KNEW WHY I NEEDED THAT, BUT I NEVER ARGUE WITH A MAN WITH A WOGGLE), FIRST AID AND PAN-DIMENSIONAL SONIC WEAPONARY THAT SHOULDN'T EXIST ON EARTH OUTSIDE THE 51ST CENTURY, AND CERTAINLY NOT THE 20TH.



AH! 51ST CENTURY! WAS THERE RECENTLY. WELL, TWICE RECENTLY. FIRSTLY ON SAVANNAH AND THEN ON OMPHALOS.

NOW, I LIKE COINCIDENCES AS MUCH AS THE NEXT PERSON, BUT SOMETIMES THEY SEEM A BIT... CONTRIVED.

WHO'S PULLING MY STRINGS, MISTER RAWLINGS?



THAT'D BE ME. SILAS WAIN. COMMODORE WAIN IN FACT. PLEASSED TO MEET YOU.



HULLO. NICE UNIFORM. TOTALLY WRONG OF COURSE — SYNTHETIC FABRICS GIVE YOU AWAY, BUT EIGHT OUT OF TEN FOR EFFORT. SO, WHERE ARE YOU FROM? AND WHY HASN'T MISTER RAWLINGS HERE NOTICED.

AHH, BECAUSE HE KNOWS. BECAUSE THIS IS ALL A CHARADE. AND BECAUSE AS A LITTLE BLACK CAT ONCE TOLD ME, I'M JUST A LAB RAT. AND YOU, SILAS WAIN ARE, I'M GUESSING, CHIEF TESTER, YES? AM I RIGHT? PLEASE LET ME BE RIGHT. IF I'M WRONG, I'M GOING TO LOOK VERY FOOLISH.



YOU'RE RIGHT. OF COURSE, YOU'RE RIGHT. YOU'RE THE DOCTOR. THAT'S WHY I CHOSE YOU.

COMMODORE, I OUGHT TO GO AND CHECK UP ON THE... UMMM... THING... YOU KNOW... SIR?



LET'S GET COMFORTABLE.

GOODBYE MISTER RAWLINGS, I THINK YOUR COMMODORE AND I NEED A LITTLE CHAT. IN PRIVATE.

YES SIR... ABSOLUTELY... SIR...

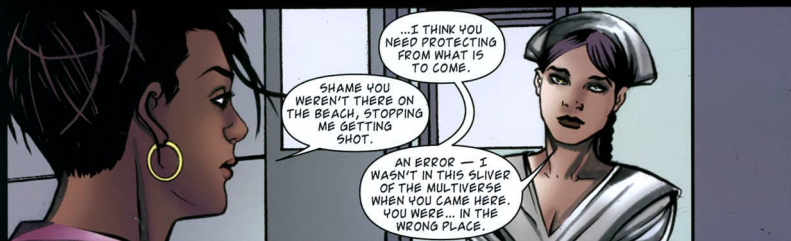




I HAVE BEEN KEEPING AN EYE ON YOU FOR A LONG TIME MARTHA JONES.



ALL ACROSS TIME AND SPACE. BECAUSE WHILST OTHERS HAVE FOCUSED ON THE DOCTOR AND THE PART HE HAS TO PLAY IN ALL THIS...



...I THINK YOU NEED PROTECTING FROM WHAT IS TO COME.

SHAME YOU WEREN'T THERE ON THE BEACH, STOPPING ME GETTING SHOT.

AN ERROR — I WASN'T IN THIS SLIVER OF THE MULTIVERSE WHEN YOU CAME HERE. YOU WERE... IN THE WRONG PLACE.



WELL, I'M HERE NOW WITH ONE HELL OF A HEADACHE, AND MY NURSE APPEARS TO BE CHANGING BODIES FASTER THAN PAMELA ANDERSON CHANGES HUSBANDS! SO IF ITS ALL THE SAME TO YOU, I'M GONNA FIND THE DOCTOR.



... OH...







YOU
THINK?



GOOD TO SEE
YOU ON YOUR
FEET, MARTHA
JONES. HOW'S
THE HEAD?

SPINNING.
ACHING. AND
BEWILDERED.

AND SHE'S A
SHAPESHIFTING
ALIEN PRETENDING
TO BE NURSE
NANCY.



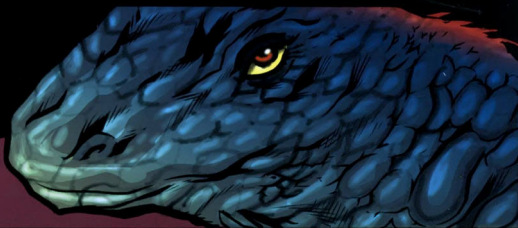
I'M SORRY,
BOYS...

OH NO. NO, NOT
JUST ANY SHAPESHIFTER.
MARTHA, SAY HELLO TO ONE
OF THE PANTHEON. LIKE OUR
FELINE CHUM BUBASTION. WHAT
DO YOU REALLY LOOK LIKE...
MISS?

WHISPAP.
I AM OFFICIALLY
THE BREL-WHISPAP
OF THE CASUAL
SHIFT.



AND AS THE
CASUAL SHIFT'S
REPRESENTATIVE TO THE
PANTHEON OF CHAMPION
BEINGS, I REALLY NEED TO
KNOW WHY YOU ARE HERE ON
EARTH AND NOT SAFELY ON
OMPHALOS WHERE WE
ARRANGED FOR YOU
TO BE.





THESE PLANETS ONCE
CONTAINED SO MUCH LIFE...

...BUT THAT LIFE WAS ALL EXTINGUISHED,
THE LIFE ENERGIES OF BILLIONS OF SOULS
DYING SIMULTANEOUSLY BEING COLLECTED
AND CHANNELLED INTO A MASSIVE BEAM,
OF RAW NATURAL ENERGY...



ENERGY BEING ABSORBED BY
SOMETHING HUGE, POWERFUL
AND TERRIBLY UNWELCOME IN
OUR UNIVERSE...



AND OUR UNIVERSE'S ONLY LINE
OF DEFENCE IS STUCK ON EARTH.
IN 1957. AND IT'S NOT HAPPY...



"SO, LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT..."

"OUT THERE IS SOME GREAT EVIL PRIMAL FORCE THING..."



"AND YOU LOT BANDED TOGETHER TO TRY AND CREATE SOME KIND OF PROTECTIVE PANTHEON AND EMPLOYED MISTER WAIN HERE..."

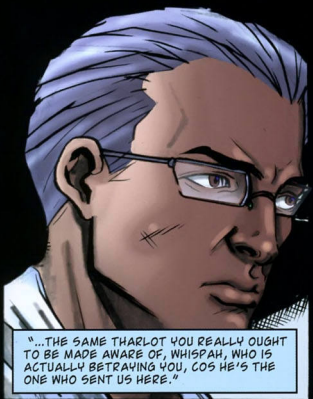
"...TO FIND YOU A PATSY — IE ME — WHO WOULD BE WILLING TO SACRIFICE HIS LIFE..."



"AND THE LIFE OF ME, HIS FAITHFUL COMPANION..."

"OH YES, AND THE RATHER MARVELLOUS MARTHA JONES..."

"...WHILE FINDING A WAY TO STOP THIS CREATURE, WITH THE HELP OF A MAD SCIENTIST FROM OMPHALOS CALLED THARLOT, WHO WAIN HAD ALSO ROPED IN..."



THARLOT? A TRAITOR? NO, HE'S A GENIUS.

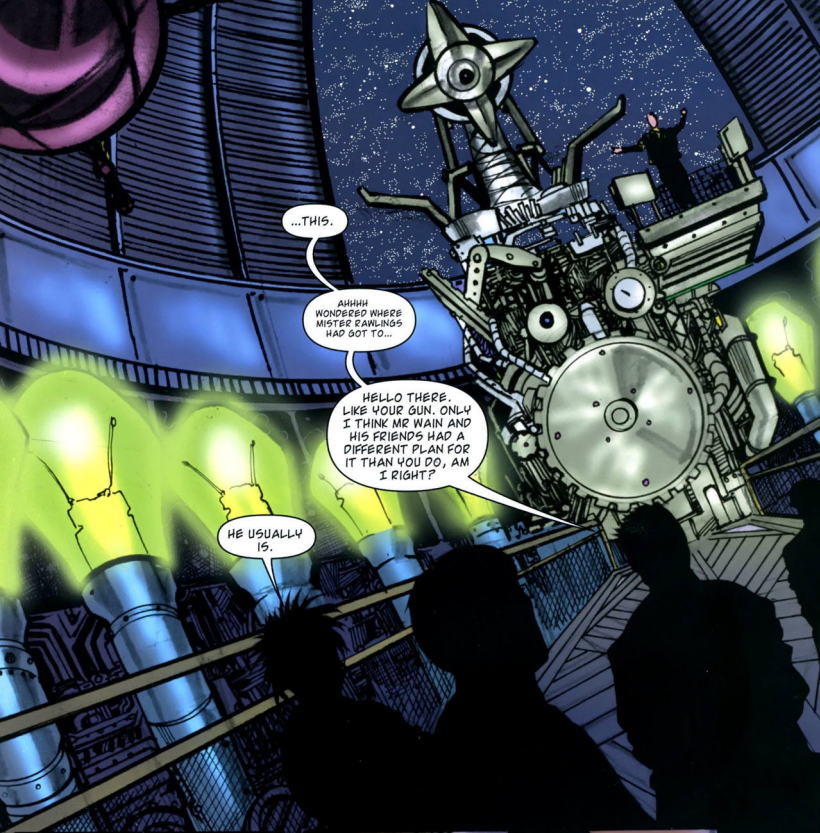


YEAH, BUT GENIUSES AND MADMEN ARE SO OFTEN ON DIFFERENT SIDES OF THE SAME BORDER BY A FRACTION OF AN INCH. I SHOULD KNOW, I'M ALSO A BIT OF A GENIUS.

THAT'S HOW HE WORKED ALL THAT OUT, YOU KNOW.

"...THE SAME THARLOT YOU REALLY OUGHT TO BE MADE AWARE OF, WHISPAN, WHO IS ACTUALLY BETRAYING YOU, COS HE'S THE ONE WHO SENT US HERE."

WELL, YES, THAT AND...



...THIS.

AHHHH
WONDERED WHERE
MISTER RAWLINGS
HAD GOT TO...

HELLO THERE.
LIKE YOUR GUN. ONLY
I THINK MR WAIN AND
HIS FRIENDS HAD A
DIFFERENT PLAN FOR
IT THAN YOU DO, AM
I RIGHT?

HE USUALLY
IS.

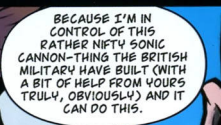
"I SENT YOU HERE, DOCTOR..."

"...BECAUSE YOU HAVE
SOMETHING I NEED.

"SO HAND IT OVER, PLEASE..."



AND WHY
WOULD I DO
THAT,
THARLOT?



BECAUSE I'M IN
CONTROL OF THIS
RATHER NIFTY SONIC
CANNON-THING THE BRITISH
MILITARY HAVE BUILT (WITH
A BIT OF HELP FROM YOURS
TRULY, OBVIOUSLY) AND IT
CAN DO THIS.





NEXT MONTH IN:
ISSUE #6



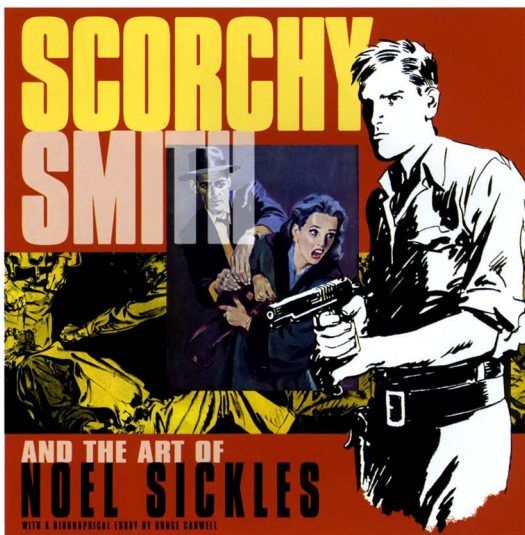
SCORCHY SMITH FLIES AGAIN

The classic Noel Sickles strip takes to the skies in IDW's complete hardcover reprint

Noel Sickles drew comics for three brief years, yet his groundbreaking work on the 1930s aviation adventure series *Scorchy Smith* is a milestone in the history of newspaper comic strips. Over the past 70 years, however, readers have seen only occasional excerpts of this seminal work.

Now IDW's Library of American Comics presents *Scorchy Smith* and *The Art of Noel Sickles*, a comprehensive, oversized 352-page volume that collects, for the first time, every Sickles *Scorchy* strip, from December 1933 through November 1936. It also features extensive DVD-style extras examining Sickles' life and the decades-long influence of his work, while also showcasing the breadth of his career as one of America's foremost magazine illustrators.

We sat down recently to talk *Scorchy* with **Dean Mullaney**, editor of the collection, and the supervising editor on the Library of American Comics line. Another of Mullaney's deluxe reprint editions, *Terry and the Pirates*, was created by the celebrated **Milton Caniff**, a studio colleague of Sickles who readily acknowledged the long-term effect that his friend's work had on his own.



Angel: After the Fall #1: The Director's Cut

Angel: After the Fall #7

Dead, She Said #1

Doctor Who #5

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IDW Publishing: Scorchy Smith is regarded as one of the most influential comic strips of all time, but as a strip about an adventure pilot, it seems very much a story of a particular time. How did the character come to life, and how did that contribute to the strip's popularity?

Dean Mullaney: *Scorchy Smith* was created in 1930 by John Terry to capitalize on the popularity of Charles Lindbergh, who made the first solo flight across the Atlantic. Although Terry wasn't a particularly good artist—you could even say he was particularly bad—the strip was the Associated Press' most popular feature, because of the public's infatuation with aviation themes.

IDW: Even though Terry created *Scorchy*, it was Noel Sickles who made the most significant contribution to the character. How did it get passed along to him?

DM: Terry contracted tuberculosis, and Sickles was asked to ghost the strip in late 1933 and copy Terry's style—but, even on his worst day, Sickles couldn't draw a bad figure. The sketchy nature of Sickles' early strips looked somewhat like Terry's, but it was still masterfully drawn. When Terry died, Sickles started signing the strip, and over a six-month period developed what we now call the "chiaroscuro" style of comics.

IDW: That sounds like he brought a completely different sensibility to the strip. How would you describe his approach, and how did it become so tremendously influential on all the strips that came after it?

DM: Sickles was among the handful of true innovators in comics. The interesting point is that he didn't become an innovator intentionally: his creative restlessness and his sheer joy in simply drawing found him experimenting with different styles: first the chiaroscuro, with its reliance of heavy blacks done with the brush, and its delicate interplay between positive and negative space; and then, his bravuro use of Craftint and Benday, essentially holding the image in tone and creating a three-dimensional image. As Alex Toth put it, "To each discipline he brought his very own distinctive freshness of viewpoint, graphic declaration and execution... His every work formed a lesson from which we learned and gained inspiration."

IDW: But despite his widespread influence, Sickles stayed on the strip for only a few years. What were the circumstances of his departure? How come he never returned?

DM: By 1935, the number of subscribing newspapers had doubled, yet Sickles was still making \$125 a week. He asked for a raise appropriate to what the syndicate was making, and was turned down. He quit, but professional that he was, he stayed long enough to train his replacement, Bert Christman. Sickles went on to do top-secret classified drawings for the Army during WWII, and had an incredibly successful 40-year career as one of America's top illustrators; his work appeared in *Life Magazine*, *Look*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, and *National Geographic*, among many other venues.

IDW: These strips are more than 70 years old, but the book will reprint every single one that Sickles drew. How hard was it to assemble a complete collection, and how did you go about it?

DM: Noel Sickles' *Scorchy Smith* is the Holy Grail of adventure strips—a three-year run that is on every collector's Top Ten list, yet due to its rarity, has eluded a complete reprinting. We're fortunate to have assembled the first complete collection. We're working closely with the Noel Sickles Collection at Ohio State University's Cartoon Research Library.

IDW: IDW has published a number of other strip collections in its Library of American Comics series. How is this one similar? How will it be different?

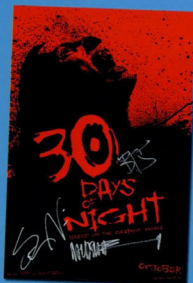
DM: It's similar to the other strips we're collecting in that it is one of the highlights in the history of comics. It's different in that it's the illustration, not the story, which carries the strip. Along with Alex Raymond and Hal Foster, Noel Sickles rounds out the triumvirate of the greatest illustrators the field has ever seen. And the introduction to the book is written by another great illustrator—the singular Jim Steranko.

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